Table of Contents

1. Chapter 1 - Tears
2. Chapter 2 - New Faces
3. Chapter 3 - Friends
4. A Note

Chapter 1 - Tears

---*Ashfur's P.O.V*---

Ashfur woke up one morning, feeling confident that today was going to be an, at least, okay day.

He thought that maybe, just maybe, Squirrelflight, a beautiful she-cat, would want to hunt with him.

He stretched his limbs, hoping to get the rest of sleep off him, and walked over to where Squirrelflight was sitting, a few fox-lengths ahead of him, near the fresh-kill pile.

She turned her head and looked straight at him. He stopped.

Ashfur held his breath.

But then she smiled, and he breathed out again, as if he'd been drowning for a moon. His heart warmed.

He loves it when she smiles. She can warm a toms heart, but can break it just as fast.

Maybe all she-cats are like that, he thought. *Most.*

He walked over to Squirrelflight, who's smile quickly disappeared like lightning.

But Ashfur kept his smile. Until he saw her.

"What's wrong, Squirrelflight?" He asked. "Are you okay?"

With hesitation in her voice, she replied. "Ashfur, I don't love you anymore. I don't think I ever did, I'm sorry."

Ashfur, who couldn't believe his ears, stood up and faced her, fur bristling with shock.

"Y-you're joking. Of course you're joking!" He said. "I loved you. You loved me, right?"

The ginger she-cat shook her head sadly. "No. I'm sorry, Ashfur."

Just when she finished the sentence, Brambleclaw padded up to the conversation.

She continued when Ashfur didn't say anything. "I love Brambleclaw, now."

Ashfur, mixed emotions within him, ran out of camp, tears streaming down his cheeks.

Brambleclaw was his *friend!* Be stole her from him. How could Brambleclaw do such a thing?!

Then he remembered Brambleclaw's father, Tigerstar. The murderous traitor! Brambleclaw is like his father. Not a murderer, but a traitor!

He slowed his pace, reaching a river. Green grass and the scent of prey filled his nostrils. He wasn't hungry though. Squirrelflight ruined his appetite.

He sat by the river, lungs and muscles burning from running the whole time, crying.

"I hate my life!" He cried out. "Everything bad happens to me! I can't remember when anything good or decent happened in my life!"

The thought about how his mother died when he was just a new apprentice. Just a moon or so of being apprenticed, but his mothers deaths sent him rage an sadness. He never wanted to feel like that again.

Never again...

"Why is it always me...?" He whispered.

Chapter 2 - New Faces

---*Scourge's P.O.V*--

Scourge paced in his ally, thinking about how he can make BloodClan better. He was leader, of course, which means he's in charge.

Being in charge of BloodClan wasn't always a good thing. It sometimes caused frustration, due to not everyone following his rules, and other mixed emotions. Some of them he doesn't know what they are.

Scourge eventually stopped pacing, sat down, and wrapped his tail around his front paws. His tail twitched.

The forest, Scourge thought, *is an amazing place for prey...*

His thoughts were interrupted when his deputy, Bone, came into view. The larger black and white tom padded forward, his claws making *clicking* sounds on the cement.

Scourge walked forward as well, his claws making the same sounds, but they were lighter sounding.

"Yes, Bone?" He meowed when he could be heard. His cold voice echoed off the walls.

Bone cleared his throat before replying. "Well, sir, we-"

He was interrupted by a loud screeching sound from not too far from them.

Scourge's ears flicked in alarm, and he sprinted towards the yowls.

As he got closer, the yowls were from battle, he noticed.

When he came into view of the battle, he yowled as loud as he could, making everyone stop what they were doing.

He could make out some faces. Brick, Ice, Snake, his BloodClan members. The others he did not recognize. He narrowed his eyes at them.

The strangers were still hissing when Scourge stepped in front of his warriors. Bone was at his side, but he flicked his tail to tell him to stand back.

Who are these cats? He wondered.

One of them stepped forward, standing face to face with Scourge, but not close.

He could tell it was a she-cat. Her fur was ruffled and she had scratches where she'd been attacked. They were pretty deep. It was on her shoulder, but Scourge admired how, even though she limped, she looked really confident and strong, like the battle never happened.

Her fur was a wonderful light brown, with dark brown under her eyes and on her paws. Her eyes were amber, but they were dull.

The one behind her was black and white, like Bone, but had amber eyes as well.

Another one was white and had blue eyes.

All of their fur was ruffled and bloodied up from the battle. Tuffs of fur were missing.

Scourge wondered how and why the battle occurred, so he asked. "Who are you?" He demanded. "Why did you attack my warriors?"

The she-cat spoke. "I am Mud. This-" she pointed to the white tom, "is Snow." Mud twitched her tail to the other she-cat. "And this is Spots. We wanted to join you."

Before she could say more, Scourge interrupted. "Join? Why?"

Mud cleared her throat, but Snow spoke. As he spoke, his voice was so deep, it felt like Scourge was hearing two of Bone.

"We heard much of BloodClan. You are the leader? Scourge?" He asked him.

"Yes," Scourge answered.

Snow continued. "Well, Scourge. We wanted to join because we had thought that being part of your group would bring us help." He paused before continuing, looking at all of the cats. His eyes landing on Scourge last. "We help you, you help us. We feel like you are an amazing, powerful leader. No one can compare. So, please, can we join?"

Scourge thought for a moment.

They never answered my question.

He growled. "You never answered my question. Why did this fight happen?" He demanded.

Spots hissed. "Your warriors were doing a border patrol, right? Well, we asked to see you. They demanded to know what we needed to see you about. W said that it was between us."

She stopped to take a deep breath, but Mud finished for her. "They refused to let us go, and we attacked them." She said triumphantly.

Scourge heard Bone growl and he flicked his tail for silence.

Scourge cleared his throat. "I respect your courage, but *never* attack my warriors. *Ever!"*

Mud didn't move nor did her expression change. "My apologies, Scourge. We really are sorry. Oh, Bone! BloodClan's famous deputy." She walked over to him, and stares into his eyes.

Bone was stiff but said nothing. He glares at her.

Scourge felt weirded out, so he mewed, "OKAY! You can join." He stopped for a moment, as if his answer didn't satisfy himself. "When you prove yourselves. Now, I have something to do, and Bone will show you where you'll be sleeping for the night."

Scourge turned, and headed for the other direction. He called over his shoulder. "Don't try anything that will get you killed," he chuckled.

He headed off into the forest. When he got there, he was a little thirsty, so he went to find a river.
It didn't take long to find one at all. But he heard something.

He strained his ears to hear better.

Crying? He wondered, walking as quietly as he could towards it. He hid behind a bush.

He saw a gray-speckled tom crying. He was saying unkind things to himself. And a she-cat? Squirrelflight?

He crept closer to hear.

"... I loved you, Squirrelflight! Why couldn't you love me back!?" He swiped at the grass, making a swooshing sound, and claw marks in the ground.

Who was Squirrelflight?

He decided to come out of the bushes and talk to him. This cat needed some mental help, so Scourge could help. Maybe. He's never done this before, and it could be good practice.

He stepped out and meowed calmly. "Hello. Who's Squirrelflight?"

Chapter 3 - Friends

---*Ashfur's P.O.V*---

Ashfur was in a small clearing at Sunningrocks, crying and sharing his feelings to those who weren't there. He wished there was someone he could talk to.

Someone who understands... He thought.

"How could she!?" He growled. "I loved you, Squirrelflight. Why couldn't you love me back!?" Ashfur swiped his paw on the sand, making marks and a swooshing sound with it.

He sighed angrily and sadly. Why did he love her so much? What was it about her?

Just as he was thinking about it, he heard rustling from the bushes behind him.

Although he heard the sound, he was sure it was just prey lurking around there.

But he heard a voice. A voice so chilling it made his fur bristle and made him shiver and stiffen.
"Hello. Who's Squirrelflight?"

The voice broke the moment of silence, like his voice could break ice if it wanted.

He turned around, fur still on end. He narrowed his eyes. What he saw looked so familiar, yet he couldn't put a claw on it.

He saw a black tom with a single white paw. The young cat was small, and had a (whatever color you want it to be) collar studded with teeth. Dogs' and cats'. Ashfur looked down at the claws of this tom. They were reinforced with dog teeth.

At first glance, Ashfur was sure it was a kittypet. But now that he

got a good look, this was *not* your regular kittypet.

The black tom's piercing icy blue eyes made Ashfur feel like all his strength was being washed away from him. But something about this tom made his fur lie down and make him...

Am I blushing!? No, Ashfur! Bad. He scolded himself.

But the tom was handsome, he thought in his defense.

While Ashfur was lost in thought, he hadn't realized that the smaller cat had gotten closer.

A lot closer.

So close that if he turned to leave their pelts would touch. So he decided not to move.

"It's rude not to answer someone when they talk to you," the black cat meowed calmly, but with a little irritation in his voice.

Ashfur was alarmed. "Uh.. I-uh... S-sorry..." He stammered. This seemed to lighten the small cat's mood.

"I'm Scourge," he meowed. "Leader of BloodClan. You are?"

Ashfur was still lost in Scourge's eyes, but he answered.

"A-Ashfur... I'm a warrior of ThunderClan..." He meowed nervously.

Scourge's ear flicked at the word *ThunderClan.* Was he interested?

Ashfur shook his head to clear the the thought.

"Well, Ashfur. Why are you sad?" He asked.

Ashfur, without noticing, found himself telling his story. How he loved Squirrelflight, how she chose Brambleclaw instead of him. And what he was doing here.

Scourge nodded understandingly at every sentence.

After he was done, Ashfur swiped his paw again, making Scourge

jump back in alarm. Scourge's eyes then filled with anger when he walked up again.

"Hey! Watch it!" Scourge hissed.

"Oh! Sorry..." Ashfur muttered.

Scourge walked up to Ashfur, nuzzling him. Ashfur stayed still.

He had a warm feeling in his stomach. He knew what it was. The same feeling towards Squirrelflight, but more...

Real!

Scourge stopped and stepped back, looking embarrassed, as well as Ashfur.

"You feel better, now that you shared your feelings?" Scourge asked in a soft voice.

"Yeah," Ashfur meowed, "thanks for listening to my rants about that fox-hearted she-cat, Squirrelflight, Scourge."

"Who needs she-cats?" Scourge meowed eventually.

"Wha-"

"I mean, all they do is break your heart. If they do that, why have them?" Scourge while shrugging.

Ashfur thought about that for a minut. Scourge was right. Why try to impress a she-cat when you can impress yourself and be happy?

When Ashfur was about to reply, Scourge started to walk away.

"W-wait!" Ashfur called.

Scourge spun around, surprised with the tone Ashfur was using. Ashfur looked at his paws, which were now shifting with nervousness.

When Ashfur looked up at Scourge, Scourge had wide, but came closer to hear what the gray warrior had to say.

Scourge flicked an ear to show he was listening.

Ashfur took a deep breath and continued.

"I-I was wondering...." He try off for a moment, then sighed. "I was wondering if you would come back? Here?"

Scourge thought for a moment, then grinned.

"Sure. Anything for a friend," then he stalked off. But not to the twolegpalce.

Ashfur was suspicious, but shrugged it off.

He knows what he's doing, he thought.

Ashfur walked back into camp, a smile creeping on his face.

He called me a friend! The thought warmed Ashfur's heart, and blushed lightly.

Ashfur reached the warrior's denim and lied down, wrapping his tail around him. He buried his nose in his tail and drifted off to sleep.

But before he did, a thought crossed his mind.

Should I really believe he's my friend? He looks dangerous. What if he uses me?

As more and more questions entered his mind, he ignored them, and eventually fell asleep.

He forgot all about Squirrelflight and Brambleclaw. He forgot and blocked out *everything.* He was thinking about that handsome tom he met today.

Scourge.

Maybe they could be friends. Maybe he could be happy. Scourge did help him with his feelings, and he listened when no one else did.

Scourge was his friend.

They were gonna meet tomorrow.

Ashfur fell asleep without noticing.

Scourge. Scourge. Scourge!

His dreams were filled with Scourge. But why? He didn't know, or think anything of it.

Brambleclaw could have Squirrelflight. Scourge was his.

WHOO! I'm tired, sorry. Sorry for the bad chapter.

Unless you want a lemon, this will not have a lemon. That goes for any of my stories, sorry.

Bye, thanks for reading!

A Note

I am sorry for not posting for a long time. I was busy. I personal family problems that I have to deal with rn and school. Or at least get ready fir it.
Anyway, I love you guys so much. Thanks for reading my stories. They are VERY cringey.

But merci! (Thank you)

<3